Your pens to lances; and your tongue divine
To a loud trumpet, and a point of war?

ARCH. Wherefore do I this?—so the question stands.
Briefly to this end:—We are all diseas'd;
And, with our surfeiting, and wanton hours,
Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,
And we must bleed for it: of which disease
Our late king, Richard, being infected, died.
But, my most noble lord of Westmoreland,
I take not on me here as a physician;
Nor do I, as an enemy to peace,
Troop in the throngs of military men;
But, rather, show a while like fearful war,
To diet rank minds, sick of happiness;
And purge the obstructions, which begin to stop
Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly.
I have in equal balance justly weigh'd
What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we suffer,
And find our griefs [9] heavier than our offences.
We see which way the stream of time doth run,
And are enforc'd from our most quiet sphere [1]

9 — our GRIEFS—] i. e. our grievances. See vol. xvi. p. 374, n. 2. MALONE.

1 And are enforced from our most quiet SPHERE—] In former editions:

" And are enforc'd from our most quiet *there*.*

^ This is said in answer to Westmoreland's upbraiding the Archbishop for engaging in a course which so ill became his profession •

- you, my lord archbishop,
" Whose see is by a civil peace maintain'd, " &c.

So that the reply must be this:

" And are enforc'd from our most quiet *sphere*."

WARBURTON.

The alteration of Dr Warburton destroys the sense of the

passage. *There* refers to the new channel which the rapidity of the flood from the stream of time would force itself into.

HENLEY,